

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

VOL. IV. NO. 31.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE CO., KY., APRIL 4, 1889.

M. F. CONLEY Publisher.

DURING the last year the sum total of educational gifts in this country was nearly \$5,000,000.

The beauteous, too, are liberally. A new Buddhist temple to be erected at Kildare will cost \$3,000,000.

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THE Richmond Christian Advocate, commenting upon the great educational advantages of the Southwest, says that they already have twelve universities in Texas, and they are cutting the poles to build the thirteenth.

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THIRTY miles from Cheyenne, Wyo. T. is what is said to be the largest horse farm in the world. There are one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land, where roam five thousand horses, which require the constant attention of sixty-live men. One hundred miles of wire fence keeps the animals in bounds.

"BOSCOBEL," the late Henry Ward Beecher's place at Peekskill, N. Y., was sold the other day to H. C. Butler for \$75,000. The house cost \$70,000, and Mr. Beecher got together in the grounds one of the finest collections of trees and shrubs, native to the temperate zone, that there are in this country. There are over eight thousand of them.

BEVIA LOCKWOOD, it seems, had a purpose in her seeming madness in running as a Presidential candidate, and that was to get talked about in the papers enough to make her a winning card on the lecture platform. The scheme worked, and now Bevia is raking in the dollars of an inquisitive public with all the rapidity and surety of a man with four aces.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE has a simple and easy plan for converting the world to Christianity. It is for each Christian to secure one convert and each one of the converted to do the same. He calculates that if this is done every year for a decade the 1,400,000,000 people of the earth could be brought into the Christian fold and that the close of this century will witness the dawn of the millennium.

IT will require fifty thousand men to make up the census rolls next year. This will give a chance to many estimable gentlemen who failed to become foreign Ministers or Consuls. After all, it will be just as interesting and profitable to take the number of cattle upon our hills and hogs in our numerous valleys as to suffer baulment to some foreign land upon a stipend only sufficient to pay for board and washing.

DOWN in Fort Worth, Tex., a newspaperman celebrated his birthday by writing a leader, an account of a prize-fight and an obituary notice, after which he "set up" two columns of type, cut half a cord of wood, rocked his baby two hours, cleaned his gun and thrashed his brother-in-law. As he was about retiring for the night he was heard to remark that he never could endure the dullness of holidays and Sundays.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER says that President Lincoln wasn't much of a champagne drinker. Once, after a journey to City Point, Mr. Lincoln was suffering from the gastronomic disturbance incident to sailing on rough water. A young staff officer—very previous he was—grabbed a bottle of champagne and thrust it toward Mr. Lincoln, saying that that was the very thing he needed. "No, young man," Mr. Lincoln said, "I have seen too many fellows sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

THE venerable widow of the late Henry Ward Beecher is spending her declining years in a quiet country house at Stamford, Conn. Her hair is now white, but her complexion is nearly as fresh as a young girl's of sixteen. A pretty cap of Ilionite lace with blue ribbons adds a charm to her face. She is old-fashioned enough in her manners, but she is even more so in her dress. Her toilette is adorned with a modest display of old-styled jewelry; a pearl brooch and two rings with old-time settings, one an amethyst, the other a diamond.

AT the beginning of this year there were 58,111 post-offices in the United States. Of these 97 were of the first class, 1,497 of the second and 1,988 of the third, making an aggregate of 2,582 Presidential post-offices—so styled because the postmasters are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The salary ranges from \$1,000 to \$4,000 per annum, except in the following cases: New York, \$8,000; Washington, \$5,000; Chicago, \$6,000; Baltimore, \$5,000; Cincinnati, \$6,000; Philadelphia, \$6,000; St. Louis, \$6,000; San Francisco, \$5,000.

UNITED STATES SENATE

Special Session.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—The Senate did not hold its session to-day owing to the funeral services over the remains of Associate Justice Matthews. Among those who attended the service were Senator Butler, Hess, Farwell, Sherman, Payne, Franks, Morris, Hale, Madsen, Cockrell and Clegg.

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FIGHT FOR LIFE

Special Session.

Further News of the Disaster at Apalachee, Strung Ships Hurled on the Rocks and Dashed to Pieces as Though They Were Made Cocklin Shells.

LONDON, April 1.—Further particulars of the disastrous storm at Apalachee have just been received. The hurricane burst upon the harbor suddenly. The German master-of-war Elber was the first vessel to drag her anchor. She became unmanageable and was driven helplessly on the reef which runs around the harbor. She struck, broadside on, at six o'clock in the morning. The shock caused her to lurch and to stagger back, and she sank in a moment of deep water. Most of her men were under hatch, and scarcely a soul of them escaped. The German master-of-war Adler was the next to succumb. His was lifted bodily by a gigantic wave and cast over her beam-end on the reef. A terrible struggle for life ensued among the officers and sailors who were cast adrift. Many plunged into the raging surf and struck out, some reaching the shore in safety. Others clung to the rigging until the mast fell. The captain of the Adler was saved by means of a rope thrown him by another officer.

Captain Lowell, who was on the schooner's wheel at the time of the disaster, and several others were lost. Chief Mate Bradford Liron was washed ashore when rescued from the paddle wheel of the ship, which he had caught hold of as it passed over him. He had his nose and right shoulder broken and there was a terrible gash over his forehead. On the arrival of the steamer Arthur Ashton, a seaman, from the hospital, he was given his precious condition. A. Harrison, Frank Trapio and another seaman were saved by means of ropes thrown from the steamer.

Finally a compromise was effected by which the committee was appointed to wait on Hov. Brown, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, who has afforded the strike leaders assistance and helped them to co-operate. Mr. Brown has agreed to meet the members who counseled an end of the strike and promised his aid in announcing the result to the strikers. Wednesday morning the executive committee held another meeting which lasted from eight o'clock until ten, and adopted a resolution to the effect that the committee advised the strikers to return to work under protest, and submit their case to the State Board of Arbitration. The mass meeting yesterday evening was not at first inclined to accept the recommendation, but after explanations by Rev. Mr. Brown and members of the executive committee, it was voted to return to work to-day.

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RUN DOWN IN A FOG.

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NORRIS, Va., March 29.—The Old Dominion steamship Wyandot, from New York, arrived here last night five hours late, after having been in collision off the Delaware capes with the schooner Ruth Darling yesterday morning. At the time of the collision a dog preys which was a thick that the man in the schooner's bows says that he could not see ahead more than half the vessel's length. When the Wyandot struck the schooner her sharp bows cut clear through her and sank ten minutes afterwards. As the Wyandot struck the schooner, Arthur Ashton, a seaman, jumped overboard to get the anchor and thus saved himself.

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THE FALL RIVER STRIKE ENDED.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 4th, 1889.

The United States Senate has adjourned until next December.

The wages of fifteen hundred coal miners in the Hazeltine, Pa., region were reduced Monday. Still, they are protected.

Major D. J. Burchett, of Louisa, was last Monday appointed United States Marshal for Kentucky, to succeed Capt. Jack Gross.

W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky, has declined the appointment as Minister to Corea. He refuses to be convinced that there are bigger men in the country than he.

Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, was named by the President for the German Ministry, but the Senate refused to confirm the appointment. Personal objections caused his rejection.

Only two candidates for one of two in Kentucky! Is it possible? Treasurer Sharp and Col. South, of Frankfort, are said to be the only candidates for the Democratic nomination soon to be made for State Treasurer.

The Senate has confirmed the following important appointments: Robt. T. Lincoln, to be Minister to England; Allen T. Rice, to be Minister to Russia; Thos. Ryan to Mexico; Patrick Egan to Chili, and Wm. O. Bradley to Corea.

The nomination of John W. Berryman to be postmaster at Versailles, Ky., which was sent to the Senate several days ago, has been withdrawn by the President. It is stated that the reason for this action was that Mr. Berryman has a son whose front name is Jefferson Davis.

Reports for the first quarter of the present year show a continuance of the remarkable industrial development in the South. Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia have received most attention from the capitalists. Six hundred and ninety-one new enterprises have been established during the present year.

Deputy U. S. Marshal Russell Wireman was killed last week in Knott county by a band of outlaws. He was a resident of Salyerville, and is said to have been one of the best and most fearless Marshals in the State. At the time he was killed he had in charge three notorious Knott county characters, and it is supposed to have been the friends of these parties who killed him.

Harrison is "standing in" with his kith and kin in the distribution of the public pie. Neither is he neglecting the boys who have hereditary claims on, office—Bob Lincoln and Fred Grant, for instance. It is perfectly natural that he should consider such claims all sufficient, he having been before the country himself with the same recommendation—a descendant of an honored ancestor.

The Courier-Journal, referring to Joe Blackburn's stand in the Senate for liberal ideas and a sound Southern policy is the subject, and is the just subject of universal praise in the National Capital. The Senator knows exactly when to punish a political adversary and when to be tolerant. He has never risen to a higher stature than in this last of a long line of honorable exploits in his Congressional career.

Harrison has been recognizing the newspaper men of the country to an unusual extent in the distribution of the offices. Reul, Rice, Halstead, New and Hicks, all prominent newspaper men, were named by him for Foreign Ministers; and Hildred, the President's private secretary, is a journalist. This action on the part of the President is commendable; as it is substantially recognizing those who have earned recognition. A diplomatic position comes to a newspaper man as a favor—with a fair amount of expense.

Speaking of these appointments, an exchange remarks that "the average editor now slaps his chest and exclaims: 'Very few of us left in the country!'"

Friends of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson say President Harrison has offered that lady the Richmond, Va., postmastership. Mrs. Jackson declined the Lexington, Va., post-office last week.

On March 16 in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, a terrible hurricane swept landward from the sea, passing directly over the harbor. Every vessel at anchor, with one exception, was either wrecked on the reefs or beached. The American man-of-war Trenton and Vandalia were completely destroyed and the Nipic was blown ashore, badly crippled. Two German war vessels were wrecked, and a third was beached. The English man-of-war Calliope got to sea in the face of the storm and escaped disaster. All the merchant vessels in port were lost. Sixty Americans and ninety Germans were drowned.

The Paintsville Paragraph announced last week that a poem entitled, "The Pleasures of the Grave," would appear in its next issue. It is presumed that the poem is not prompted by experience, but is entirely imaginary; and we hardly think he will succeed in convincing a great many of his readers that there is a delightful side to that very grave question. At any rate, they will probably not be so thoroughly convinced as to crave an opportunity to experiment on the subject sooner than is absolutely necessary. The pleasures "beyond" the grave, and on "this side," are familiar literary topics; but there is something in the subject of the poem referred to which would suggest the average writer a caution somewhat like this: "Let that severely alone."

The risk of writing language of an improper character on a postal card and forwarding it through the mails is exemplified in the arrest of a Louisville dealer a few days ago. He mailed a post-card to a milliner of Bardstown, notifying her that she owed him \$7.25, and added that the account was of long standing and that she was "too dishonest to pay." The postal laws say that no one shall mail a postal card with any writing upon it that would impugn the integrity of the person addressed or injure their character.

Because it was a Little Previous.

[Courier-Journal.]

With proper exertion Kentucky's Arbor Day may be made to throw all other arbor days in the shade.

Texas Siftings: It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

A slight cold often proves the forerunner of a complaint that may be fatal. Avoid the result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

To discontinue an advertisement," says John Wanamaker, Philadelphia's great merchant, "is like taking in your sign. If you want to do business, you must let the public know it. Standing advertisements, when changed frequently, are better than reading notices. They look more substantial and business-like, and inspire confidence. I would, as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."

Energy will do almost anything, but it cannot exist if the blood is impure and moves sluggishly in the veins. There is nothing so good for cleansing the blood and imparting energy to the system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price, \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Sold by druggists.

Elections Excepted.

[Courier-Journal.]

Brother John Wanamaker went over to Philadelphia yesterday, taught his Sunday-school class and made an exhortation in church in favor of the Prohibition Amendment and against alcohol, tobacco, opium, profanity, anger and impurity of life, saying nothing, however, against bribery. He charged his hearers to go home and pray God to help them carry the amendment, although that is not the way in which brother Wanamaker helped carry the election last November.

HOW'S THIS.
We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheever & Co., Prop., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheever for the last 13 years, and believe him to be perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Prax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Wallard, Kline & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. Van Hoosen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and directly upon the blood and nerves of the system." Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Nest Evathers.

Vice President Morton is worth \$10,000,000; Senator Alger, \$5,000,000; Senator John P. Jones, \$15,000,000; Senator Leland Stanford, \$40,000,000; Secretary Windom, \$5,000,000; Secretary Wanamaker, \$15,000,000; Senator McMillan, \$10,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$40,000,000; Warner Miller, \$5,000,000; Blaine, \$4,000,000.

The figures are taken from the Republican Chicago Tribune, and show that the official family of President Harrison, including the Vice President and five friends and supporters are possessed of the enormous sum of \$150,000,000—more than ten percent of the total money circulation of the United States on the first day of March, is held by ten men, while the combined wealth of President Cleveland and his Cabinet would not reach the paltry \$5,000,000 possessed by Windom.

All of which goes to show the beauties and benefits of the protective tariff to the protective tariff's friends.—Ex.

The following colonial law of New Jersey has never been repealed: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maid-servants, or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

Thirty-seven years ago James Vermillion, of Shelbyville, Ill., sent his son George to the pasture for the cows. A few days since George returned to his father's house at Lower Hill, minus the cows, but possessed of title deed to a large cattle ranch in Colorado. The son had been dead to his parents all these years, and though he went away a youth in teens, he returned a gray and grizzled man of mature years.

Grover Cleveland has been adopted as one of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. This distinction has been conferred upon but two other men, George Washington and Henry Ward Beecher.

The ladies of the Corean Embassy are much stared at in Washington. They wear the queer looking gowns the Mikado has made familiar and head-dresses that resemble small umbrellas.

Smaller Postage Stamps.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Some of the papers have been making a great outcry against the new postage stamp, is less objectionable than their form. They are all unnecessarily large. The small square stamps of England and France are prettier and more convenient. If Mr. Wanamaker would give us something on this model he would gain the approbation especially of womankind. The fashionable handwriting of the period leaves no space on the envelope for Washington's portrait at full length.

FOR FIRST PLACE.
A great amount of political engineering will be done by friends of candidates to secure for their man the first place, on the ticket, and the best man will probably secure the coveted place. Then if endorsed by the majority of the people the election is assured. Electr. Bills have been put to the front, its merits passed up, and it has endorsed, and unanimously given the first place among remedies peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all disease of kidney, liver and stomach. Electric Bill, being guaranteed, is a safe investment. Price, 50c and \$1 per bottle at W. T. Evans Drug Store.

The noble Marquis of Queensberry expresses his opinion of marriage and divorce by saying: "Whom God has put asunder let no man be so foolish as to endeavor to keep together." The Marquis himself has been divorced.

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HOW'S THIS.

We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheever & Co., Prop., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheever for the last 13 years, and believe him to be perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Prax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Wallard, Kline & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. Van Hoosen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,

and directly upon the blood and nerves of the system." Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

R. T. BURNS,
Attorney at Law.
LOUISA, KENTUCKY.

Ida Lynch started to drown herself by jumping from the lower bridge across the Arkansas river, at Little Rock, but the watchman caught her as she jumped, his hand catching in her garter, which was strong, and thus saved her life.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you like best to do? Tommy darling, (after a moments reflection)—I think that I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!

THEIR BUSINESS BOOKING.
Probably no business has ever had a greater trade at W. T. Evans' Drug Store as giving away to their customers so many free-tell bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

"One advantage of a small cottage," says a writer on building, "is that it is easily heated." This is very true. A small cottage in the middle of July is warm enough for anybody who is not wholly unreasonable.

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From Dr. W. P. Harrison.

Montgomery, Tenn., May 3, 1889—I have used Swallow's Cough Remedy for some time, and believe it to be an excellent remedy for all complaints of the lungs. I have had a severe attack of rheumatism in the right shoulder, and I am unable to move it without great difficulty. The doctor called the skill of the physician who treated me, and began to give me various specific medicines, but it did not seem to do any good, and he recommended I take Swallow's Cough Remedy. I took it, and it cleared up my trouble almost immediately, and in a few weeks was apparently well. Since then I have not had any trouble with my shoulder, and I am now in full health again.

W. T. Evans, Drug Store, Austin Avenue, Treating on Block and Skill Diseases mailed free. Two SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawers 8, Atlanta, Ga. Two SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawers 8, Atlanta, Ga.

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SIG SANDY NEWS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4th, 1889.

Read Hughes' advertisement.

Miss Mary Burns is visiting in Ashland.

Jesse Shannon's oldest child is quite sick.

M. S. Burns was in Catlettsburg Tuesday.

Mr. J. A. Hughes went down the river to-day.

Rev. Shultz left this afternoon for Hinton, W. Va.

G. W. Gunnell & Co.'s ad. appears this week. Read it.

Elaworth Norris made a trip to Catlettsburg Monday.

Boyd Vinson, of Ceredo, W. Va., was in Louisa this week.

No. 453, the J. A. Hughes' and get your sewing machine.

A large stock of goods just received at W. T. Evans' drug store.

Major Burchett returned home Saturday from Washington.

O. D. Garret, of Catlettsburg, was here this week buying beef cattle.

The public square has been harrowed and sown with blue grass.

Beautiful styles of lace curtains and window blinds at J. A. Hughes'.

There is an unusual amount of sickness in this vicinity at present.

Who holds ticket No. 453 on the J. A. Hughes sewing machine?

Marshal Sammons is again on duty, after a few days of sickness.

Latest styles of dress goods at J. A. Hughes', with trimmings to suit.

Geo. L. Vinson, who is attending Marshal College at Huntington, was here this week.

Jas. Hillips, wife and baby, of Ashland, are visiting here. Their baby is very sick.

Gents' and boys' furnishing department at J. A. Hughes' complete in every respect.

Dr. Weis came down from Peach Orchard Friday and moved his family to that place.

Dr. Hussey is fitting up for an office the front room over E. Norriss & Co.'s store.

The styles, prices and qualities of J. A. Hughes' line of carpets and rugs beat them all.

Anything usually kept in a first-drug store can be found at W. T. Evans'. Give him a call.

We didn't notice great many persons exerting themselves in the improvement of Arbor Day.

J. F. Hackworth, is in Cincinnati this week. Taylor Billups has charge of the store in his absence.

For a varied and complete line of dress goods, all the latest styles and a bargain in every piece, go to J. A. Hughes'.

CARD OF THANKS.—We desire through the News to return our sincerest thanks to Mr. Songer and the other inmates, and also the strange gentlemen who called on us, for their kindness and sympathy at the time of the accident to our child. We also feel very grateful to Col. Northup for sending the venerable and much-loved Dr. Yates to examine our dear child's injuries.

McDONALD ROBERTS & WIFE.

TO DEBELFIELD.

Born, to the wife of John Clark, son, a boy.

Mat. Meek passed through here enroute to Kiars creek, W. Va.

Mrs. John Waldron and Miss Jeanie Carter were visiting Mrs. Jep. Meek last week.

Mrs. Sophia Unites has been visiting her aunt Cizzie Carter.

LONE DOVE.

Probably some of the readers of the News would like to read a few lines from this place.

Our town was well supplied with drummers last week—only seven here Thursday and Friday.

Our school is still progressing, notwithstanding the fact that there are only two Democrats and three young ladies in the school.

Misses Maud Patrick and Priscilla Picklesiner were visiting at Paintville last Saturday and Sunday.

A base-ball club was organized at this place last Saturday.

G. V. Moore, J. J. Gaudill and Winfield Cauldill killed forty-one squirrels, one opossum and a quail last Saturday.

J. H. Stumbaugh has purchased a dry goods store. He has declared he is a baptist also.

Quite a number of the Blain High School will attend the Normal at Flat Gap.

EGGS WANTED.

We desire to purchase eggs in large quantities for cash, from Country Merchants. Call on us at Chataro Hotel, Louisa, Ky.

SCHLDER BROS.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption. They will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, W. T. Evans, M.D., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Mr. F. T. D. Wallace has set an excellent example for Louisa's property owners. He has just completed a good pavement on Main street, extending the entire length of his lot. We hope to soon see others do likewise.

A gentleman from the North was here yesterday looking for a point suitable for the location of saw and planing mills. He was favorably impressed with Louisa and may possibly locate here, provided he can secure a good mill site at reasonable figures. Don't conclude at once that he will locate here, anyway, for other points are offering inducements, and we must do the same if we would secure the enterprise.

The drawing for the sewing machine offered by J. A. Hughes to his customers took place Monday. Misses Hermita Northup and Nannie Freese were blind-folded and did the drawing in the presence of quite a crowd. No. 453 and the ticket with "machine" on it were drawn out of the two boxes simultaneously, and therefore the number was declared the lucky one. The holder has not yet presented or made himself known.

The contracts for finishing the school building will be awarded next Thursday. The Board of Education is being highly praised by our citizens for the efficient manner in which they have managed the building, and on the excellent quality of work secured thus far. This is a gratifying state of affairs; as much so, no doubt, to the Board as to the people, for it is rarely the case that a public Board gets thanks or even justice from its constituency.

A small child of Sink Roberts', who lives at Peck's Station, miraculously escaped a horrible death one day last week. The child had been playing under a trestle near one end, and as a train came on the trestle at the other end, the child climbed up on top and stepped just inside the rail. Mr. Songer, the engineer, saw it and made every possible effort to stop the train, but owing to the speed and the short distance, he did not succeed. The child was struck by the pilot and thrown off the trestle. It was badly bruised, but is probably not dangerously injured. This should be a warning to parents living along the railroad.

Is not a \$175 public privy very undesirable as an ornament only? It is considered as not very complimentary to the tastes of our County Commissioners that they have selected such an object upon which to expend the "ornamental" portion of the county's surplus? As it is kept securely locked day and night, it would be difficult to convince any one that this building is for use; and our business men are kicking vigorously about this imprudent action by the Commissioners. The business men are entitled to bear a large share of such expenditures and they justly claim that they are entitled to some benefits, or conveniences, at least.

List of letters in Louisa post-office April 1st, unclaimed: Eli Alkins, Edith Brannan, James Bennett, Eliza Bolt, Geo. Kendle, Edward Patterson, Theo. Ramsey, Jas. II. Spradlin, Jeanie Sammon, Geo. Travers, James Newcomb, Elmie Thompson, C. C. Sullivan.

Please say advertised when called for.

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McDONALD ROBERTS & WIFE.

TO DEBELFIELD.

Fire is burning rapidly on Daniel's creek, which originated on the farm of Anderson Hays.

Hog cholera is raging here.

E. W. Jobe is again ill.

Martied, at the residence of Henry Hick, on the 28th inst., Smith Hick to Miss Marie Lyons, John H. Arrington officiated.

3 OUT TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people who use common ordinary gilt whether can score valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Aker's English plates are a positive cure for tick headache and all fever-toxides. They are small, sweet and easily taken and do not grip. W. T. Evans, Druggist.

PEASANT RIDGE.

Born, to the wife of John Clark, son, a boy.

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IRISH CREEK.

Mrs. Geo. Right and daughter-in-law, of Cat, were visiting near here last week.

Miss Genoa Large, of Round Bottom, W. Va., was visiting friends at this place last week.

Mrs. Elish Kelley and Miss Belle Berry visited at Cat Sunday.

John Berry, of Huntington, W. Va., was here last week.

Mr. Wm. Yates, of your place, passed here a few days ago.

Mr. Tip Moore passed here a few days ago.

Married, last week, Mr. Tom Dooly, of Kansas, to Miss Susa Bates, of Prosperity.

Born, to the wife J. A. Young, of Cherokee, 14 pound boy. Also, to the wife of Alfred Young, a girl.

Bev. Murray, of Lowmansville, will hold meeting here the 3rd Saturday and in this month.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper is responsible for the contents, whether he directs his name or not. The collector or not, is responsible for the paper. The collector has the right to have the paper taken away from him and leaving them uncollected, or gives preference of previous years.

LONE HOLLOW:

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOOGIE BILL," "FISHER JOE," AND OTHER STORIES.

[Copyright, 1889, by The A. N. Kellogg News-Paper Company.]

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNPLEASANT INTERRUPTION.
"Gone! The will gone! If you have lost that paper, Seekmore Grips; I'll be the death of you!" cried Captain Starbright, in a storm voice, in which anger and alarm were mingled.

"The wind must have blown it out the window," returned the lawyer. "A look outside will make everything clear again."

Fracturing the lamp Mr. Grips leaned out into the night, flashing the glow up and down the porch that ran the length of that side of the house. He saw nothing of the lost paper, and as there was scarcely a movement of air, it was not likely that the document had been cast out by the wind.

It was but a few feet from the window to the porch, and both men proceeded at once to search the premises.

No discoveries were made, however, save that the imprint of a foot was found in the garden where the ground was soft and damp.

The track was followed to the sidewalk, where all trace was lost.

"Somebody is on your tricks, Captain," said Mrs. Grips, after the twain stood once more in the lawyer's room.

A black look came to the face of the discomfited Captain.

"It seems evident that a theft has either been committed, or else—"

The ferrule even of the lawyer were fixed in a keen gaze on the face of the speaker.

"Well, Captain!"

"Or otherwise you are playing a double game!"

"Indeed! I am a gentleman, sir."

"Doubtless."

"I have professional honor at stake, Captain Starbright. Rather than go to court to my conviction of right, sir, I would pluck out my right eye."

An incredulous smile moved the tawny mustache of the Captain.

The lawyer did not seem to be offended, however. Evidently he understood the man he was dealing with perfectly. It would be a hard master to abridge the feelings of a man like Seekmore Grips, who had been for more than forty years a criminal defender of the most notorious classes.

Hiaclan existed and preyed on the public in all its forms, the reader knows, and in giving his character an airing no offense is meant toward that large class of honorable men who make law their calling in life.

There was no disguising the fact that the will was lost. Grips knew that it was stolen, the Captain could not be sure. In any event he was puzzled and deeply chagrined.

"I do not understand it," finally muttered Captain Starbright. "Who could wish to destroy the will?"

"That is not for me to say. You ought to be the one."

"I can think of but one who would be benefited by such villainy," said the Captain. "Who is that?"

"Mrs. Peppry."

"Exactly."

"It can not be that she has had a hand in this. She hasn't the requisite nerve to do such a thing."

"A weak woman, eh!" smiled the lawyer. "I find them the hardest cases in my experience."

"Then you imagine that she faded without life enough to more than exist, has compassed ten miles of space at sight, watched your movements with the keen eyes of a detective, and at an opportune moment snatched this precious paper from your table!"

"I can't say that I do. It is for you to draw inferences."

"Do you intend to go back on me, Mr. Grips?"

"If you show proper shrewdness."

"What would you advise?"

"That you find what will at the earliest possible moment."

"But that may be impossible. The one who would steal the will would not hesitate to destroy it."

"True enough."

"If the will is destroyed we lose every thing."

"Undoubtedly."

"Mrs. Peppry being the only direct living heir to Morgan Vandible would inherit every thing. I know she hates me and she would not hesitate to—"

"I see, I see," interrupted Mr. Grips. "But you must excuse me from further consideration of the case to-night. It may be necessary for you to employ a detective. If this woman you mention is as timid and weak as you say she is, she would surely expose the secret to his possession."

This movement on the part of the denominated old woman gripped the lawyer.

"Fingal believed that a mistake had been made, and so, while the young hunter laid his hand on the arm of Don Benito, Austin Wentword stepped to the door and said:

"Austin, where's the rub?" uttered Fingal, in a dramatic voice.

"Will you open or not? I must force the door!" demanded the voice from without.

"Neither one, I hope," returned Fingal. "Pray, who are you, and what do you want with peaceful citizens?"

"Open in the name of the law!"

Vade. No one saw the forgery. Wentword is at the bottom of the theft, and I'll turn my attention to him immediately. Poor fool He will find that he can not tamper with me again."

In the meantime the person who had brushed against the Captain and pressed the note into his hand hurried down the street without once looking behind him. At the intersection of another street he turned down and moved with rapid strides toward that part of the little city bordering on a river. He entered an alley-way, passed through a side door and up a flight of stairs, opening another door, admitting him into a dimly-lighted apartment, occupied by two persons.

"Ah, the gondolier has returned!"

A slender figure advanced, and, as the light from above fell on his face, we recognized the well-known features of Louis Fingal.

"Aye!" exclaimed the last comer, in a shrill, unpleasant voice. "The henchman of the Doge comes. Benito has been to town, and he is here again at the same time waving a folded paper over his head."

"Sit down, Benito," ordered Fingal, in a gentle, yet authoritatively manner. "I have talked the matter over with our friend Austin, and, in due course, agreed with us that the Doge must be overthrown."

"Good! Come forward, Austin, and let us view your kindly countenance."

The third man stepped forward.

It was Austin Wentword, the young mechanic. He was well clad, and there was a look of interest in his frank, handsomely face. He had been in deep trouble with the law for weeks on account of his quarrel with Grace. To-day, however, a change had come over the spirit of his dreams.

Louis Fingal was the magician who had worked the transformation, and made the warm blood to flow with its wonted fervor through the veins of young Wentword.

"Grace still loves you, but Captain Starbright has lost her," asserted the young hunter, and then he entered into an explanation that confirmed all that he asserted.

"So we find the young mechanic ready to enter into plans for the defeat of the aching Captain."

The third member of the trio was a curiously. He had removed his hat and stood plainly revealed.

Above the medium height, with high, noble brow, he had not been handsome but few could tell in the deep-set, dark eyes. His hair, almost white, reached beyond his waist, and the thin hair was also long, though nicely combed and oiled. The whiskers were thin and hollow, and every movement of the man indicated unsteadiness of thought; that his mind was in a daze. His dress was of the coarsest material, yet well fitting and remarkable for its neatness.

"Is he dead?" asked the young hunter, gazing about the room as though it were filled with people.

"Captain Clinton Starbright has planned to win the audience of the public, and he has planned to accomplish nothing at all in his life to gain a position. He has made one mismove, however, and if I will work with me I believe we shall thwart the scoundrel in the end."

"Then visit her at once. Be a man and stumble at nothing. I will help you to win."

"Certainly."

The young hunter's aman, brown hand went out, and then in the dim light the two clasped palms in token of mutual trust.

"Captain Clinton Starbright has planned to win the audience of the public, and he has planned to accomplish nothing at all in his life to gain a position. He has made one mismove, however, and if I will work with me I believe we shall thwart the scoundrel in the end."

The speaker's face was aglow with feeling, and Austin Wentword was glad indeed to have such a brave youth for his friend.

On their first meeting he had saved him from staining his hands with blood, surely, such a friend was worth the possessing."

"I am with you, Louis. Fingal, to the bitter end and this for the right!"

This was the alliance sealed.

Twenty New Towns in Iowa and Dakota.

On the line of the Cherokee & Dakotan division of the Illinois Central R. I., between Omaha, Iowa and St. Paul, Minnesota, there are twenty new towns all beautifully located.

The Great Corn Belt of the Northwest, and in one of the very best farming countries in the world. These new towns must necessarily be given a good start.

Land grower and developer, who in the next few years will be looking for business for his operations, or excellent farming land, should apply to the undersigned for pamphlet descriptive of the towns and country referred to; also for information as to rates of fares, etc. F. B. Howes, G. Northern Trans. Ass'n, I. C. R. R., 121 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

"What is it possible?"

Fingal started and bent quickly over the document in the hand of the deceased old man. It was indeed what Don Benito had read.

Scarcey had an exclamation of astonishment fallen from Fingal's lips when a loud rap fell on the door, and a voice cried sternly:

"Open in the name of the law!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STRANGE BUSINESS.

As may be supposed, the inmates of the room were not a little startled at this unexpected summons from without.

"What shall we do?" whispered Wentword.

"Ay! there's the rub," uttered Fingal, in a dramatic voice.

"Will you open or not? I must force the door!" demanded the voice from without.

"Neither one, I hope," returned Fingal.

"Pray, who are you, and what do you want with peaceful citizens?"

"Open in the name of the law!"

It was evening. The wind moaned through the trees and sighed mournfully about the walls of Lone Hollow.

Nearly a month had passed since the death of Morgan Vandible, and the poignant grief of Grace Peppry's grief was dulled, yet she had not regained her old, sweet smile, nor the healthy, happy glow of check and eye.

The Captain was permanently located at Lone Hollow, and vibrated constantly between the old mansion and Stonefield. There was a troubled look on his brow that did not escape the notice of Grace Peppry.

No news from Lura Joyce.

It was this that troubled Grace more than anything else—her uncertain fate of her brave cousin.

The heiress stood before the long glass combing out her long yellow locks, which she had done on a former occasion, when a pair of mischievous, loving eyes were near, watching and admiring. Grace was thinking of Lura just now, and wondering if the mystery of her disappearance would never be solved.

The face reflected in the glass was pale and thin, and this was the girl that looked out at her a few weeks before.

A slight sound fell on the girl's ear, the cracking of the door. Grace heeded it not, however, deeming it but the act of a guest of a friend.

"Grace!"

The girl before the glass started at the sound of a voice pronouncing her name. There was a familiar ring in the voice that carried her back to other days.

Turning quickly she saw a valed female standing before her.

"Will you permit me to rest here a moment?" uttered the stranger.

"Rest! I do not understand. Who are you?"

"You! Surely you voices sounds familiar," cried Grace, in bewilderment.

"I am here, Lura," laughed the visitor, a laugh that awakened old echoes in the heart of Grace Peppry. She stood motionless, excepting, wildly excited, as a hand lifted the veil. Grace started forward with a great cry. Before her stood Lura Joyce!

CHAPTER XVII.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Grace Peppry sank nearly fainting on the breast of her unexpected visitor.

The face of Lura Joyce's face was like unto mine, the dead returned from the shores of eternity.

"If you say is true you will not fear investigation."

"I see, I see," interrupted Mr. Grips.

"But you must excuse me from further consideration of the case to-night. It may be necessary for you to employ a detective."

"Austin, where's the rub?" uttered Fingal, in a dramatic voice.

"Will you open or not? I must force the door!" demanded the voice from without.

"Neither one, I hope," returned Fingal.

"Pray, who are you, and what do you want with peaceful citizens?"

"Open in the name of the law!"

"Hast!" exclaimed Don Benito, his deep set eyes gleaming like coals of fire. "I have been expecting this all along. Our plans are discovered, and the Doge has sent his millions to me, to Austin Wentword. He will not be able to stop us."

"What would you advise?"

"That you find what will at the earliest possible moment."

"But that may be impossible. The one who would steal the will would not hesitate to destroy it."

"True enough."

"If the will is destroyed we lose every thing."

"Undoubtedly."

"Mrs. Peppry being the only direct living heir to Morgan Vandible would inherit every thing. I know she hates me and she would not hesitate to—"

"I see, I see," interrupted Mr. Grips.

"But you must excuse me from further consideration of the case to-night. It may be necessary for you to employ a detective."

"Austin, where's the rub?" uttered Fingal, in a dramatic voice.

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"Pray, who are you, and what do you want with peaceful citizens?"

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